

# The Critic

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1893.

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JANUARY 2nd, 1893.

77th SEMI-ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT  
OF THE

## PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

At Close of Business, December 31st, 1892.

Cash Capital, - - - - - \$2,000,000.00

ASSETS AVAILABLE FOR FIRE LOSSES,

**\$5,820,322.06**

AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on Hand, in Bank, and with Agents,	\$817,641 15
State Stocks and Bonds,	29,000 00
Hartford Bank Stocks,	631,112 00
Miscellaneous Bank Stocks,	473,225 25
Corporation and Railroad Stocks and Bonds,	2,671,542 00
County, City and Water Bonds,	277,430 00
Real Estate,	336,373 80
Loans on Collateral,	61,882 50
Real Estate Loans,	462,046 01
Accumulated Interest and Rents,	60,069 35
<b>TOTAL CASH ASSETS,</b>	<b>\$5,820,322 06</b>

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital,	\$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Outstanding Losses,	467,226 21
Reserve for Re-Insurance,	2,112,831 71
<b>NET SURPLUS,</b>	<b>1,240,264 14</b>
<b>TOTAL ASSETS,</b>	<b>\$5,820,322.06</b>

Total Losses Paid since Organization of Company,

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## The Critic

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### Literature

#### "The New Exodus"

*A Study of Israel in Russia.* By Harold Frederic. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. FREDERIC'S remarkable study of the persecution and expulsion of the Russian Jews, and his view of the causes which have led to it, deserve special attention at the present time. His work is creditable to him not only for the humane sentiment and the good literary ability which it displays, but also for the care and industry manifested in the collection of facts which render it a valuable addition to the historical and political department of any library. Not the least important passages will be found in the unexpected parallels and prospects which it suggests. In some respects, perhaps, the author has builded better than he knew. He does, indeed, bring to mind the striking resemblance between the condition of Russia at the present day and that of Spain three or four hundred years ago; but he fails to carry out the parallel to the cheering result which it foreshadows, and to show the inevitable and indeed already commencing decline and dissolution of the great northern incubus, which for more than a century past has oppressed with evil forebodings all the nations of the eastern hemisphere.

Of the persecutions to which the Russian Israelites have been exposed since the present Tsar came to the throne much has been told, in a fragmentary way, in the public press. The author, being on the spot and having special facilities for acquiring knowledge, united to a faculty for vivid description and narration, is able to give us a connected account of the rise and progress of the persecution and of the most striking incidents which have marked its culmination, especially in Moscow and in the cities of the "Pale," composing the southwestern portion of the Empire, where its cruelties were most severely felt. It is impossible even to summarize these miseries. All that can be said is that they resembled closely those with which the histories of Spain and France have made us familiar, in the stories of the harrying and expulsion of the Spanish Jews and the Huguenots. In the present volume the depressing effect of the narration of these atrocities is agreeably mitigated by the description in the last chapter of the admirable efforts made by the Jewish communities of Berlin, Hamburg, and other parts of Germany, for the relief of their co-religionists. In comparing the benevolent reception thus experienced by these unfortunates with their inhuman treatment in the country of their birth, we seem to be passing from a planet ruled by demons to one swayed by angelical spirits.

But the most significant portions of Mr. Frederic's volume are those in which he describes the chief authors and directors of these modern atrocities. At the head of them in place, and to a large extent in relentless purpose, is the Tsar, Alexander III., whom the author portrays minutely, from the accounts of men who know him and are personally well affected towards him. He is described as a man of limited intellect, a born "potterer," with no idea of system, and no executive talent. "He would not be selected to manage the affairs of a village if he were an ordinary citizen. It is the very irony of fate that he has been made responsible for the management of half a million villages." He toils hard in his task, and works till two or three o'clock in the

morning, examining and signing papers. But all this irksome labor is of no use whatever. "He simply struggles on at one little corner of the towering pyramid of business which his ministers pile up before him." Through this dullness of mind and the enormous burden of routine work ceaselessly pressing on him, he knows little of what is going on in his own country. He depends entirely on the reports of his ministers. Foreign criticisms are disbelieved, and merely exasperate him. Of late a single idea seems to possess his mind. He looks upon the whole Russian people as one family, of whom he is the head. It is his duty to train this family in the right way. The right way is the way of the Greek Church. To compel every Russian to either accept the teachings of the Church or to leave the country is the work which he has set himself inexorably to perform.

He has derived this idea chiefly from the suggestions and influence of a very remarkable man, M. Pobiedonosteff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, in whom Mr. Frederic finds the Torquemada of the nineteenth century. He was one of the instructors of the Tsar in his youth, and is now the real ruler of the empire. The author has no doubt that he is a sincerely and fanatically pious man, as the Greek Church understands piety. "During the great fast of the year he retires to the Sergieff Monastery, and mortifies the flesh as vigorously as any anchorite, remaining for days on his knees, fasting and beating his forehead against the stone floor." Yet "his religious fervor contemplates without blinking the prospect of ten millions of Jews, Lutherans, Catholics, and dissenters generally, being despoiled, evicted, harried by Cossacks and driven like criminals from their homes."

The remarkable parallel between the present condition of Russia and that of Spain in the sixteenth century has been already suggested. Still more striking and portentous is the parallel between the character and conduct of the two great fanatical rulers of these widely separated countries and eras. When Philip II. succeeded his illustrious father, in the year 1556, Spain with her vast dependencies was the dominant power in Europe. Forty-two years later, when Philip died, an astonishing change had taken place. Acting on his often-avowed maxim, "better not reign at all than reign over heretics," he had set in motion a series of persecutions and expulsions precisely like those which Alexander III., under the influence of the modern Torquemada, has initiated at the present day. The result was that Philip left Spain reduced from the highest to almost the lowest place among European nations. She had lost the Netherlands, her naval strength had been destroyed by England, her armies had been beaten in France, her prestige as a great conquering and dominant power had utterly vanished. Events march rapidly in our time. History is repeating itself with notable rapidity. Hardly ten years have elapsed since the persecuting fanaticism of Alexander III. began to be displayed, and already the signs of weakness and decline in his Empire have become manifest. The world has lately, with not a little surprise, seen him recoil in the far east before the menaces of China, and descend nearer home to seek the friendship of Turkey. The dread which his armies formerly inspired in his western neighbors is already giving place to a mingled sentiment of resentment and contempt. The threat of the German Emperor to "pulverize Russia," though uttered in a moment of festal excitement, significantly displayed the feeling which prevails among his people. It is highly probable that if the present Tsar's life is sufficiently prolonged, the existing generation will see, with immense relief, the great persecuting power of northeastern Europe sink into the same utter collapse which overtook the great persecuting power of southwestern Europe three centuries ago. For the victims of his tyranny and those who sympathize with them our author, in his concluding passage, furnishes a comforting hope, well warranted by the experience of their predecessors in suffering, the banished Jews, Huguenots and Hussites of former days. "The woe-begone outcast," he tells us, "wandering forth dismayed into exile, will

take heart again. His children's children may shape a nation's finance, or give law to a literature, or sway a parliament. At the least they will be ahead of their fellows; they will be a living part of their generation; they will be free men, fearing neither famine nor the knout."

#### Foreigners in Japan

1. *The American Missionary in Japan.* By the Rev. M. L. Gordon, M.D. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. *Japan in Art and Industry.* By Felix Régamey. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NEAREST OF ALL to the heart and lives of the real people of Japan are the Christian physicians and teachers who spend their days with actual, and not idealized, common folks. So also the merchant's opinion of the Mikado's subjects is not apt to tally with either Sir Edwin Arnold's or with the clerical statistician who is over-anxious to report revivals and lists of converts. A good honest report of one who has lived in the country behind the looking-glass is sure to be interesting reading. Dr. Gordon is a live Yankee who, in the name of his Master, went among the Japanese as their brother and servant, and hence soon became their honored friend. He tells in his neat little book of the happy lot of "The American Missionary in Japan" (1) and the silly nature of much of the belated criticism which the unsympathetic delight to pour upon the "hired converts." He portrays the fun and the sorrows of mastering the most conglomerate and puzzling language on earth, which Dr. Edkins is so anxious to see improved, and of which, in its present state, the Japanese ought to be thoroughly ashamed. The fresh water of the Hudson River is no more drowned by the salt Atlantic than is the once pure Japanese swamped and spoiled by Chinese in both vocabulary and method of graphic expression. More interesting than anything else in Nippon is the people, but Dr. Gordon seems to love even more than he criticizes. He tells of the first beginnings of modern Christianity, the thrilling story of "The Kumamoto Band" of youthful converts, now become editors, preachers, scholars and men of mighty influence. He narrates many lively anecdotes full of fun and sparkle, tells of the formation and growth of churches, of the great One-Endeavor University in Kioto (Doshisha), of womanhood, of literature, of New Japan and the present outlook. He has little or nothing to say of the "heathen," or "the natives," but much of his Japanese friends and fellow-helpers. In short, this is a most apostolic book, quite unlike the average missionary-office statement, yet, in the strictest sense of the word, fascinating literature. It is none the less a model missionary report. It is the sort of book which, though not directly intended to do so, makes an American proud of his country and the kind of men she produces. It is, withal, a true picture of the real Japan.

Having already enjoyed, in its original French, the volume of Felix Régamey on "Japan in Art and Industry" (1) we are very glad to welcome it in its English dress and its covering of yellow and silver. The lively French artist has given us already sketches of life and work in Fuji-yama land, which we treasure on the well-loaded Japanese shelf in our library. His sketches are wonderfully clever and remarkably true to life. He manages to get into his pictures a good deal of the detail of grace and charm which we miss from the sketches of other draughtsmen. The present work deals in a lively and chatty way with the art and industry, artists and artisans of what he calls the Land of Good Humor. His sub-title is "A Glance at Japanese Manners and Customs," and this is all that the work can be called. It does not look below the surface, but while full of manifold inaccuracies, it may be truly said that the inaccuracies are unimportant, while the broad lines of treatment are thoroughly true to life. The authorized translation has been made by M. French Sheldon and Eli Lemon Sheldon. One hundred designs have been made by the author and cleverly used in this edition.

Régamey praises Japan very highly, and likes the people, though, of course, he brings the spectacles of a Frenchman to look at them, their genius and their tricks. Besides being an artist himself, he has read a good deal of art-criticism, but

nearly always in French authors, for although he gives a long bibliography at the end of his work, both the printing of it and the selection show the mark of a Frenchman; for the many inaccuracies—rather amusing than exasperating—prevent it from being anything else than the average Frenchman's bibliographical sketch. Nevertheless, the book is exactly the sort which the ordinary reader wants and will enjoy. Régamey treats of natural products and processes of manufacture, and, catching the artisan at his work, gives us both the fun and the pathos of labor. He takes us into the workshops where stone, wood, metal and clay are turned into forms of beauty, use and ornament. In the mysteries of silk weaving, lacquer and the graphic arts, he touches the subject on the surface, with just enough suggestion of the mysteries and difficulties to interest the person who wants the matter treated in a charming and not pedantic or exhaustive way. He tells us also what the Japanese eat and drink—in the latter including tobacco, which the Japanese only "drink," for thus their idiom designates their common trick of swallowing the smoke in order to exhale it through the nostrils. In the chapter on manners and customs we are brought face to face with the detail of the household in the times of birth, marriage, adoption and funerals. Very properly, right after the fêtes and rejoicings and theatrical representations comes the chapter on religion, for Japanese religion, as a rule, is nothing if not amusing, and a large part of their cultus consists of feasting and merry-making. Recently they have added Sunday picnics on railways to famous shrines. The page of history that Régamey gives shows that he is an artist rather than a trained historian. There are miscellaneous notes and a short vocabulary at the back. In brief, this is the sort of work at which the scholar will exalt his nose and to which he will give his icy shoulder, while the general public will buy, read and enjoy.

#### Two Books About Frederick the Great

1. *The Youth of Frederick the Great.* By Ernest Lavisse. Trans. by Mary B. Coleman. \$2. S. C. Griggs & Co. 2. *Carlyle's Battles of Frederick the Great.* Edited by Cyril Ransome. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER of a great man as recorded in history resembles his real life and character about as much as a composite photograph, prepared from a hundred likenesses of him made by different artists under different conditions and at different times, would resemble him in personal appearance. One who gains great distinction becomes a legitimate subject for investigation, and the estimate of his personality among his contemporaries is a conglomerate of the testimony of enemies as well as friends. In his arraignment before the tribunal of mankind he has no right of challenge, and in the accumulation of evidence the rule excluding "hearsay" is disregarded. Much of the testimony is given by those incapable of comprehending his motives of action, and the shafts of slander and stings of malice all leave their mark on the record.

To write a truthful account of the life of one who has gained renown in the past is a task of great difficulty, quite impossible to an author who does not possess a freedom from prejudice, a thorough knowledge of human nature, an ability to analyze the mental processes of individuals, and an acquaintance with the prevailing ideas, customs and modes of life of the time of which he writes. These qualifications are possessed in eminent degree by M. Ernest Lavisse, Professor at the Sorbonne and Member of the French Academy, whose book entitled "The Youth of Frederick the Great" (1), translated by Mrs. Mary Bushnell Coleman, has recently made its appearance in this country.

The character of the "King-Sergeant," Frederick William, as portrayed by the author, is a study no less interesting than that of his illustrious son. In the estrangement between them, which caused so much unhappiness, the son is shown to have been even more in the wrong than the father. No attempt is made to justify the conduct of either. A full account is given of Frederick's early education: of his unhap-



pininess at the restraint, abuse and blows of his father; of his attempt to escape from Prussia; of his arrest, imprisonment in a fortress and subsequent trial by court-martial; of the execution of his friend, Lieutenant Katte, under the window of the fortress; and of the intrigues which preceded the marriages of his eldest sister and himself. As a youth Frederick is not painted in glowing colors. There were occasional sparkles of the genius which subsequently flashed forth to astonish the world; but in his duplicity, low moral tone, servile compliance with the unreasonable wishes of his father, and unmanly intercourse with Grumbkow and Seckendorf, there were few evidences of future greatness.

The translation seems to be fairly well done, though the meaning is sometimes obscured by an ambiguous use of pronouns; and there is an occasional lack of clearness from other causes. The following on p. 364 is quite unintelligible: "In order to compose a memorandum, he found, on looking at the map, that his father possessed 'nearly the whole coast of the Baltic from Memel to the Peene,' and that Silesia, whence came all the commercial trouble of the kingdom." This is an isolated case, however, and should not be taken as a sample of the translation.

Another interesting book is an abstract (2) prepared by Prof. Cyril Ransome with a view to making more accessible the spirited and picturesque battle-pieces embedded in the ten lengthy volumes of Carlyle's biography of Frederick the Great. The part played by the editor has been limited to writing a brief introduction and a short outline of the operations which led to each fight, and to disencumbering the essential parts of Carlyle's narrative from such extraneous matter as would have been out of place in such a selection. This abstract is of evident value to military students, and is capable of giving enjoyment to any reader, even to one already familiar with the complete biography. It is handsomely illustrated and abundantly supplied with maps and plans.

#### Lang's "Library"

*The Library.* By Andrew Lang. With a Chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books, by Austin Dobson. 2d Edition. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

THE NEXT THING to having a library one's self is to have gifted talk about libraries—delightful chit-chat about books and their belongings, the celebrated folk that have owned them, the autographed or interleaved *preciosa* in one's possession or the wonderful things in the possession of one's friends. "All men," quoth old Dibdin, "like to be their own librarians." The ownership of books combined with the love of them is a twofold blessing which many men cannot expect. If a man discourses learnedly about books, he is apt *not* to have them; if he has them, they get entombed somehow in magnificent book-mausoleums whence they are resurrected only at the dispersion—or it may be collection—of the Israelites, at a Hamilton or Marlborough sale. Fortunate the triply equipped man who, like Mr. Lang, owns them, talks entertainingly about them, and embalms his delight in poetic *rondeaus* or tripping *villanelles* overflowing with the gayety of the trained *bouquiniste*. His three chapters abound in quaint knowledge of the theme and humorous *caves* to the over-eager book-hunter who prowls along the eight miles of quais at Paris or the network of cross-streets between the British Museum and the Strand, hoping every day to pick up a jewel.

Mr. Lang himself has suffered from over-eagerness, as Charles Nodier and Bibliophile Jacob doubtless did; the "Elzevir man" and the lover of folios do not always illustrate Horace Walpole's curious word, "serendipity"—the luck of falling on just the literary document that one wants at the moment. Charles Lamb announced that he did not care for a first folio of Shakespeare; but the true spirit of book hunting runs riot in such words as those of Richard de Bury, in "Philobiblon":—"Oh God of Gods in Zion! What a rushing river of joy gladdens my heart as often as I have a chance of going to Paris! There the days seem always short; there are the goodly collections on the delicate

fragrant book-shelves." This is the spirit which informs Mr. Lang's lucubrations: delight in bindings, in "tall" copies, in colophons, in quaint illustrations, in blameless and blemishless specimens. His enthusiasm is shared by Mr. Austin Dobson who, in a graphic chapter on illustrated books, bound up with Mr. Lang's, tells the tale of Blake and Turner, of Thackeray, Tenniel, and Cruikshank, of Doyle and Leech, and Keene. Highest of all praise as arch-illustrator he gives to Mr. Edwin Abbey's exquisite excursions between the lines of Herrick and Goldsmith and "Judith Shakspeare," and he is charmed with the new American school of photo-engravers whose marvellous "effects" have revolutionized black-and-white art and made the American monthlies a joy forever. Even Bewick, he thinks, would have been "Americanized" had he lived in these days when so many helpful arts have come in as adjuncts to needle and acid and results are produced incomprehensible except to the scientific artist.

L' onor di quele' arte

Ch' allumare è chiamata in Parisi,

is less to him than it was to the thirteenth-century Dante: he cares not for established custom if only beautiful things emerge from the graver's tools. A covetous person should not read "The Library," or he will violate the Decalogue on every page, and be filled with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness to boot.

#### The "Country Parson" at St. Andrews

*Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews.* By A. K. H. Boyd. Vol. II. \$3. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE FIRST VOLUME of Dr. Boyd's "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews" has been noticed in these pages (4 June, 1892), and little need be added to the comments then made on the "Country Parson's" manner of speech and choice of material. The second and concluding volume (unfortunately lacking an index) is like its prototype, although the style is even more astonishingly loose,—if that be possible. This same looseness of style and organic prolixity make most of the anecdotes too long to quote; condense and rewrite them, and they are no longer A. K. H. B's. A good many of these anecdotes, by the way, although appearing in print for the first time are not unfamiliar. The story of the Cardinal's blessing is an instance of one of the trials of princes of the church: "A youth, recently gone over, went down on his knees in a Protestant drawing-room, amid a large party before dinner, and asked a Cardinal, who entered, for his blessing. The magnificent old man looked decidedly ruffled; and said, in impatient tones and without any punctuation, 'God bless you get up sir'; and turned away. And there is a good story of Dr. McGregor's about a man 'who long served under Garibaldi and came home with a red jacket. One summer day he was walking through a field near Dumfries, when a large bull went for him and sent him flying over the hedge. As he picked himself up, the bull stood on the other side, putting down his head, and pawing the earth, and roaring. The Garibaldian mistook the bull's meaning; and shaking his fist at it he exclaimed with great indignation, 'None of your apologies! You meant it, you brute!'"

We get pleasant though fleeting glimpses of some Americans—Oliver Wendell Homes, Mr. Underwood, Consul at Glasgow, Bishop Whipple, and Phillips Brooks. The characterization of them is genial, rather than unforgettable. Epigram is rarely found; things like these come nearest to it:—"You had best tell the truth to a Scotchman at once. He knows it already, perfectly." "The horse is a noble animal; but it is strange how he deteriorates most human creatures who have much to do with him." There is genuine pathos in the story of the Tay Bridge disaster, and in the pages that tell of the death of Principal Tulloch. The volume culminates in the graphic account of the Assembly over which Dr. Boyd was Moderator. Here is a taste of the Doctor's loose style; after an anecdote, he remarks, "Usually one sees whereto a story is tending. I think it is not so here. The story is true. Various thoughts suggest themselves. But it is needless to expatiate" (p. 187). Is it any wonder that in

Scotland they call him "A kind o' hawering body?" Various thoughts suggest themselves. But it is needless to expatiate!

### "Quabbin"

*The Story of a Small Town. With Outlooks upon Puritan Life. By Francis H. Underwood. \$1.75. Lee & Shepard.*

"QUABBIN" is a book that distinctly deserves to succeed. The spirit of old New England is in its pages. In a series of sketches, some narrative, some descriptive, and some historical, the little town of Quabbin as it was sixty years ago is reproduced with what seems absolute fidelity. Dr. Underwood not only gives us the outward semblance—dialect, manners and custom—but goes to the very heart of the subject and we see the moving Puritan force back of the everyday life. The design of the book is a happy one: a sustained novel could not have accomplished the purpose without running the risk of artistic failure; a series of historical sketches would have gone over familiar ground; and a succession of short idylls like those of *Thurms* would have left part of the ground uncovered. The plan adopted gives ample scope for history, romance, humor and pathos. This blending, too, is organic; a central purpose runs through the book, adding appreciably to its value.

Some of the stories show a good deal of literary skill; they are stories that are not mere character sketches; and again others are entirely idyllic in nature. Very clearly is the influence of the minister revealed when, instead of an essay on the Position of the Clergy, we come upon a group of stories in which one pastor after another steps forward as central figure, the development of liberal thought becoming as interesting as the development of character. A sleighing-party lingers in the memory when linked to the homely romance of "Patient Emily"; and the few pages in which "Aunt Keziah" appears tell more about the poor of those days than a charity report could. And so with tea-parties and their small conventions, picnics and their flirtations, and "quiltings" with their perennial gossip. Of another type are the chapters on Character, and on Literature, valuable for their insight. The book is illustrated with reproductions from admirable photographs of rural scenes. Perhaps there is no other one book that gives such a comprehensive idea of a New England town.

### "Intellectual Pursuits"

*By Robert Waters. \$1.25. Worthington Co.*

YOUNG PEOPLE seldom like to read what is considered good for them, especially if the book assumes a hortatory tone and urges imitation of the good and great who have succeeded by incessant struggling. It is one thing to tell how this or that great man forced the world to recognize his merit, but to put the everyday young man or woman on the road to success is something quite different. The truth is, an aspirant for literary recognition prefers to read about successful men who began as he did. Instead of learning how Pope wrote his poetry he would rather know how somebody like himself became a good journalist. Mr. Waters remarks, to be sure, that a young writer is apt to look upon himself as a genius. Perhaps so; and this book is not likely to afford him much comfort unless he does. It is chiefly devoted to a discussion of genius, elucidated by examples. The chapters are independent of each other and have been contributed to different periodicals. The author fortifies himself to some extent against criticism by addressing a limited class, the inexperienced. Not many of these are likely to be tempted into book-writing by Mr. Waters, who says that street-sweepers as a general thing are better paid than literary workers, authors being "the only class whose greatest competitors are the dead." The author frequently falls into an exclamatory style and mars many of his pages with italics. Apart from these things, his manner is pleasing and direct, he is entirely free from affectation or arrogance, and when he tells of his own experiences he is most interesting and inspiring. An accurate index is not the least praiseworthy feature of the book.

### Recent Poetry and Verse

ONE OF THE most noteworthy volumes of poetry by a new writer comes to us from England, and contains two tragedies written by Mr. James Dryden Hosken. The very opening of the first of these, "Phaon and Sappho," is good enough to put the reader into an enthusiastic mood, for its manner is not unlike that of the greatest master of the drama:—

Chide not the gentler humor of my mind;  
For custom, and the habit of our lives  
Transform the intent of nature in ourselves.

So, too, is this brief passage from "Nimrod":—

Still night! thou hast the power to ease our cares  
And make us strong with hope,—dear sleep of time,  
When the exalted earth forgets its aims,  
And we more truly learn what we should know  
Than when the bells and anvils of the day  
Their noisy tongues lift up.

The plots in "Phaon and Sappho" and "Nimrod" are interesting; the verse is vigorous, simple and melodious; and both plays are genuine attempts at the drama in its Shakespearian form. As a first venture of a poet this volume gives great promise, and we shall look forward to Mr. Hosken's next volume feeling sure of being rewarded with something that shall fulfil this promise. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE is a most diligent scribe. A few months ago we had from him "The Book Bills of Narcissus" in prose, and now we are presented with "English Poems"—one of an edition of eight hundred copies for England and America. A poet with Mr. Le Gallienne's limitations needs the restraint of a limited edition. In his address "To the Reader" Mr. Le Gallienne asks:—

Thou nightingale that for six hundred years  
Sang to the world—O art thou hushed at last?

We are not sure that we know this aged bird, but it is to be hoped that after such a protracted period of song it has merited and found Paradise. "Art was a palace once," quoth the poet,

Now 'tis a lazar-house of leprous men,

so he asks forgiveness

That 'neath the shadow of thy name,  
England, I bring a song of little fame.

From this introductory epistle in rhyme the reader gets a rather confused notion of what is coming, and it must be said that most of what does come is very artificial and strained. The best thing in the book is the first, a long poem entitled "Paolo and Francesca." From "Love Platonic" these lines are not without application to the young man himself:—

Twitter and tweet  
Thy carollings  
Of little things,  
Of fair and sweet;  
For it is meet,  
O robin red!  
That little theme  
Hath little song,  
That little head  
Hath little dream,  
And long.

Little theme, little song, little head, little dream and long. This is a somewhat severe but rather happy characterization of these "English Poems." (Cassell Pub. Co.)

"BY THE SEA, and Other Poems," by Mr. Fred Henderson, has the distinction of being in its second edition. The author writes easily, and generally his poems interest us. His sympathies with the working classes are very sincere and strong, and they find expression in the best things in this collection. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)—"THE DREAM OF ART, and Other Poems," by Mr. Espy Williams, contains a number of simple and unpretentious pieces of verse which seem to show that the writer is young and fond of poetry. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—MR. A. D. KAPLAN has written, and Mr. Frank M. Gregory illustrated, some verses entitled "The Magic Laugh." This is the story of a dream which came true—the laugh was real.

Just then I woke; my dream dispelled,  
But not that laugh, for fast it welled  
From Baby's throat forsooth;  
'Twas she who woke me—her's the laugh,  
The cheeriest brewed with mystic staff,  
The Magic Laugh of Youth.

Not the least interesting feature of the book is the formula for this laugh, given in rhyme. We refrain from quoting it. (75 cts. Robert Clarke & Co.)



PROF. F. T. PALGRAVE, who holds the chair of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and who is best known in this country as the editor of the famous "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," is also the author of several volumes of verse, the latest of which "Amenophis, and Other Poems" has just been published. The contents of this collection embrace, besides the long narrative poem "Amenophis," fifty or more "Hymns and Meditations," and a number of lyrical pieces on various subjects designated as "Varia." Prof. Palgrave has chosen as a motto for his book these lines from Henry Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans":—

To write true, unfeigned verse  
Is very hard.

The truth of this statement is confirmed at once by turning the page. In reading the author's "Hymns and Meditations" one instinctively calls to mind Dr. Johnson's remark, quoted by Prof. Palgrave in his introduction to "The Treasury of Sacred Song," that "All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind." His verse is often so overburdened with philosophy that it ceases to be anywise poetic; as for example in this from "Things Visible and Invisible":—

But should our science of things seen, meanwhile,  
Have its own bounds and quicksands: Should the smile  
Of sceptic doubt assail  
The message of the senses: whether things  
Be what we see and touch, or imagings  
By self on self imposed, without avail  
To make us grasp the Infinite, which our frail  
Yet eager reason knows  
Essential to the scheme of thought, and yet  
Transcending thought, because 'tis infinite? \* \* \*

This a long and knotty question for the muse to ask. Some of the lyrics among the "Varia" are graceful, and "Amenophis," written in smooth pentameter couplets, is interesting; but one is forced to the opinion that it is upon the volumes of poetry he has edited rather than upon those he has written that Prof. Palgrave's fame and reputation must be based. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

ONE OF THE latest aspirants for the Canadian laurel is Mr. John Henry Brown, whose "Poems: Lyrical and Dramatic" have just appeared. So far as may be judged by the work in this volume this new author has done nothing which would make him eligible to that select group of younger poets which includes Carman, Lampman, Roberts, Scott and Campbell. Mr. Brown's lyrical verse, except when in the Whitman manner, is uniformly ordinary. He occasionally is guilty of a breach of promise in rhyme like "summit" and "cometh," which is not so much a license as it is a *loose-ness*. His dramatic venture, "A Mad Philosopher" is made amusing by the introduction of Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson among the *dramatis personæ*. (Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.)—THE LATER POEMS OF Mr. I. D. Van Duzee, entitled "By the Atlantic," make a volume of nearly five hundred pages. They are written both in rhymed measures and blank-verse, and present quite a varied list of subjects. From the author's preface note we learn that most of the shorter pieces, and some extracts from the longer ones, have already appeared in the Boston newspapers; and also that they are the product of the idle hours of a busy professional life. Mr. Van Duzee writes easily, has a good ear for rhyme and occasionally turns a graceful stanza; but his blank-verse is lame enough to need crutches. (\$2. Lee & Shepard.)—A Dainty Booklet bound in figured silk contains "Ventures in Verse," by Mr. Charles Shepard Parke. The verses venture on one side only of the pages, and some of them are rather pleasing. Perhaps the best are "A Sylvan Ceremony," "The Light of Lights," and a clever bit entitled "A Spring-Day Bill of Fare." We judge the author to be a young man who is wise enough not to take himself too seriously. (\$1. Buffalo Book Stores.)—"VAGABOND RHYMES," by An Idler, is a very good description of the verse in a volume of that title. (\$1.25. J. G. Cupples Co.)—"SELECTED POEMS from Robert Burns," edited by Mr. N. H. Dole, is a new issue in the "Handy Volume Classics." The reader will find most of his favorites here; and young people, if not their elders, will be grateful for the biographical sketch, notes and glossary which have been added by the editor. The make-up of the book is very tasteful. (\$1. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.)—"THE BROWNING YEAR-BOOK" contains, as the second part of the title tells us, "true thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure up" for each day in the year, selected from the poems of Browning by C. M. T., who has done the work so well that she (if we are not mistaken in the gender) need not have hesitated to give the public her full name. (\$1. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE STENOGRAPHER of the Danish House of Representatives is a woman—Miss Grundtvig. She is a leader in movements connected with the higher development of women in Denmark.

#### New Books and New Editions

MR. HENRY GEORGE has written a book entitled "A Perplexed Philosopher" in which he criticises Herbert Spencer's utterances on the land question. When Mr. Spencer was young he maintained in his work on "Social Statics" the same doctrine respecting property in land that Mr. George advocates now; but since then his views, as made known in his recent work on "Justice," have undergone a radical change, and he is now a strong advocate of individual property in land no less than in other things. In the work before us Mr. George not only criticises the new views that Mr. Spencer has thus announced, but charges that his antagonist has changed his opinions out of regard for the landed aristocracy of England, with many of whom he is now a favorite. In order to prove this charge as well as for the purpose of criticising Mr. Spencer's present opinions, Mr. George gives copious extracts both from "Social Statics" and from "Justice," together with certain letters of Mr. Spencer already published, so as to examine and test the reasons for their author's change of views. That some of these reasons are unsound Mr. George has no difficulty in showing; and he makes it plain that when Mr. Spencer was first challenged as to his earlier utterances on the subject, he gave an evasive and unsatisfactory answer. Still, we do not think that the harsh judgment of Mr. George will find acceptance with impartial minds. The truth seems to be that Mr. Spencer has been too anxious to maintain the appearance of consistency, and that a more explicit avowal of his altered views at an earlier stage of the controversy would have been better. Those who delight in controversy will doubtless take pleasure in reading this volume; but we doubt that it will do much toward settling the land question itself. (\$1. Charles L. Webster & Co.)

MR. ISAAC SHARPLESS, President of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, having spent most of the winter of 1890-91 in studying the schools of England, has given the public the results of his observations in a volume entitled "English Education in the Elementary and Secondary Schools." American educators have been rather neglectful of the educational improvements effected in England in the past twenty years, and though there are books by English writers in which these improvements are described, it is well to have a work treating the subject from an American point of view. Secondary education in England, indeed, is as yet a matter of private enterprise and private benevolence, but the demand for public secondary schools grows louder and louder, and cannot much longer be disregarded. The principal point of superiority that Mr. Sharpless notes in English schools as compared with our own is the greater thoroughness of the work; while in some other respects he thinks they might learn from us. The most interesting chapter of the book is that on the great "public schools," so-called, such as Eton, Harrow, etc.; the account of which, though brief, is valuable as presenting to our view a type of school not found elsewhere in the world, and from which in the author's opinion American educators have something to learn. Mr. Sharpless has not given us a complete account of the English educational system, but he has presented certain aspects of it in a form that teachers will find serviceable. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

"THE MORAL INSTRUCTION of Children," by Felix Adler, consists of a series of lectures delivered in the School of Applied Ethics at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1891. The author begins by discussing the general question of moral education in the public schools, and comes to the conclusion that, owing to the wide divergence of opinion and practice in religious matters, such education must be conducted on a non-religious basis. He then proceeds to consider the best mode of conveying moral instruction and the order in which it may best be arranged. He points out that the ordinary work of the school tends to develop certain moral qualities, such as regularity, truthfulness in recitation, good-fellowship and politeness; but maintains truly that complete moral development cannot be secured without specific moral instruction. He lays down the rather arbitrary principle that the child's life may be divided into certain periods, during each of which some one virtue is particularly necessary, as obedience in the first period, the acquisition of knowledge in the next, and so on; and in the same arbitrary way fixes the first appearance of conscience at the age of three. He lays great stress on the reciprocal duties of parent and child, and shows, in an interesting way, what those duties are. As a means of inspiring the sense of duty and the love of virtue he would rely largely on such literature as is adapted to young minds, including fairy-tales, stories from the Bible, and so forth; and more than one-third of the book—an excessive amount, as it seems to us—is devoted to this topic. In the grammar schools Mr. Adler would have systematic instruction in the principles of morals, not indeed in a metaphysical way, but by a rational exposition of the ordinary duties of men. The book has many good points, and con-

tains much that will be suggestive to both parents and teachers; and its earnestness of spirit and clearness of style will add to its usefulness. In our opinion, however, there can be no satisfactory moral teaching except on either a religious or a philosophical basis, though in the present unsettled state of ethical doctrine it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a basis that would be generally accepted. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

THE THIRD VOLUME in the series of Great Educators is by Prof. Andrew Fleming West, and treats of "Alcuin and the Rise of the Christian Schools." The subject is less interesting than that of some of the other volumes, but it is treated in a way to enhance the interest. Prof. West is evidently at home in the period with which he has to deal, and his style is distinctly better than that of most writers on educational themes. He begins by tracing the study of the liberal arts from classical times to the era of Charles the Great, with special attention to the bearing of that study on Christianity. He then tells us what is known of the early life and education of Alcuin and of the school at York in which he studied and taught, and where he was trained for the greater task that lay before him. We then follow him to the Continent, where he spent the rest of his life, and are shown what he did toward lighting up the gross darkness then almost universally prevailing. That his work was important is evident; but the death of Charles and the break-up of his empire, which soon ensued, prevented its bearing the full fruit that might otherwise have been gathered, and rendered a new revival necessary at a later time. Prof. West gives an account of Alcuin's writings and of his views on educational matters; and the small range of knowledge they cover and the simplicity of much that he wrote show in a marked manner the low intellectual condition of the time in which he lived. After concluding his sketch of Alcuin, the author goes on to speak of his leading pupils and successors, especially of Rabanus, who taught at Fulda, to the eastward of the Rhine, and who seems to have been an abler man than his master. A bibliography of Alcuin's works and a table of dates complete the work. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"THE NEW MOVEMENT in Humanity from Liberty to Unity" is an address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College last summer and now issued as a pamphlet. The author begins by remarking that the human intellect, which has been for some years past largely occupied with the study of physical nature, is now returning to the more appropriate and more important study of human nature; and he justly thinks that this augurs well for the future of humanity. The great contest for civil and religious liberty, which convulsed the world for so long, is at last, in the more progressive nations, ended, and no longer provokes either the intellectual interest or the enthusiasm that it once did. Instead of the struggle for liberty we now have a movement toward social reform, the elevation of the masses and closer union and fellowship among men. The feeling of unity with our fellow-creatures, which Mill justly declared to be the main sanction of morality, is becoming stronger, and is showing itself in an increase of social activity and usefulness. The author's view, though not essentially new, is in the main a true one; and his exposition of it and the practical lessons that he draws from it are sound and interesting, and may be useful. The address is by William Jewett Tucker. (25 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED the "Annual Report of the Postmaster-General of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892." A large part of it is of course devoted to the mere routine work of the department; but it contains some suggestions and recommendations that may attract the attention of persons interested in post-office affairs. Mr. Wanamaker has before now urged the assumption by the Government of the telegraph and telephone services, and this recommendation is renewed in the Report before us. He also favors the establishment of postal savings-banks; but we must say that we have never yet seen a convincing argument in support of any of these schemes. Mr. Wanamaker recommends that the country be divided into postal districts for the better conduct of the service, and there is reason to think that some such arrangement will eventually have to be made. Some account is also given in the Report of the recent extensions of the mail-delivery system, and various other topics are suggestively dealt with, but in too much detail for us to particularize. There is no more "burning" question before the Postmaster-General to-day than the relief of the overcrowded Post Office at New York. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

A NEW BOOK in advocacy of socialism has appeared from the pen of a clergyman, the Rev. F. M. Sprague. In "Socialism from Genesis to Revelation" the author undertakes to show not only that socialism is desirable and is in accord with the fundamental princi-

ples of Christianity, but also that it is assuredly coming, and that we may all of us better prepare for it. His arguments, if so they can be called, in support of socialism are substantially the same that other socialists have urged, but he is rather more extravagant than others in the notions he entertains of the blessings that socialism will bring. There is nothing new in the book, however, and the absurdities it contains have been so often exposed that it is unnecessary to descant upon them here. (\$1.75. Lee & Shepard.)—THE ISSUE OF PAMPHLETS by the Universities seems to have become epidemic; and we wish we could say that the quality of such publications was equal to the quantity. For some reason or other our ambitious collegians devote an excessive share of attention to political science—a subject of no greater importance than many others, and less important than some; and, as we read the works of this class that appear so abundantly, we are painfully conscious of the constant repetition of the same ideas. The latest work of the kind that we have seen is a history of "The Tariff Controversy," by Orrin L. Elliott of Leland Stanford Jr. University. The work is not without merit, its strongest point being the care with which it presents the various views and arguments of statesmen and others on the question under review. It covers only a part of the subject, however, as it ends with the nullification difficulty of 1832-33; and the theme has been so often handled before that much of the work is a re-threshing of old straw. Whether the history is to be brought down to the present time or not, we are not informed. (\$1. Palo Alto, Cal.: Stanford University.)

#### Magazine Notes.

MR. JOHN FISKE has an appreciative but too short review of the work of Edward Augustus Freeman in the January *Atlantic*. He gives special importance to the unfinished "History of Federal Government," of which he hopes that another volume, in addition to the one that has been published, may be drawn from the papers left by Mr. Freeman. It would deal with the history of the Swiss and German federations. The first, it will be remembered, was devoted to the Achaian League. One or two more volumes of the History of Sicily may also be looked for. Mr. Francis Parkman, in a first article on "The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia," takes the opposite view of the quarrels of Charnisay and La Tour from that taken by the author of "The Lady of Fort St. John," recently printed in *The Atlantic*. The late George William Curtis's addresses in favor of Civil Service Reform are reviewed by Sherman S. Rogers. As a rule, our writers on nature follow Thoreau too closely in his Yankee asceticism. They will pretend to sit on a hard rock with their feet in a half-frozen pool, and to warm themselves by thinking of its latent heat; but that sort of thing does not warm the reader. Mr. Frank Bolles is not of that silly, chilly set. "In a Wintry Wilderness," at the foot of Chocorua, he keeps himself moving and his blood in circulation; and he is not without a human interest in saw-mills, and dirtily beautiful young Frenchmen, and horses that chew tobacco. He is a painter, imaginative and gifted with a real sense of beauty, which perhaps accounts for his plentiful lack of nonsense. But, though *The Atlantic* professes itself devoted only to literature, science, art and politics, this present number is devoted mainly to history. Together with Mr. Fiske's review and Mr. Parkman's article we must put Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge's study of "Cola di Rienzi." They quote liberally from the Dictator's bombastic letters and his unknown biographer's simple and life-like narrative. Froebel is the "German Nonagenarian" whose reminiscences, especially of his meeting with Bismarck, are reviewed by Mr. E. P. Evans. And the Contributors' Club contains a historical note on the "hard O'Kelly," and his more famous meeting with King George the Fourth.

The University of Chicago has established a press, with D. C. Heath & Co. as directors; and we have seen it announced that the University intends to issue a large number of publications. The first of its issues that we have seen is *The Journal of Political Economy*, the opening number of which (Dec., 1892) now lies before us. It is to appear quarterly, and will deal particularly with the practical applications of economic science. The present number contains four principal articles, of which the first, by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, the editor of the *Journal*, will be, to the average reader, the most interesting. It is on the "Study of Political Economy in the United States," and is designed partly to show how much the American people need to study scientific economics and partly to exhibit the present state of economic method and the prevalent conception of the science itself. It is encouraging to hear from Prof. Laughlin that the influence of the German school in American economics is declining, and we trust the decline will continue. The second paper in the *Journal* is by Émile Devassour on the "Recent Commercial Policy of France," and is devoted to exhibiting the character of the new tariff legislation in that country.



Prof. E. Benj. Andrews discusses "Rodbertus's Socialism" briefly; then follows a long and elaborate statistical paper by Thorstein B. Veblen on the "Price of Wheat Since 1867," and a number of notes and book-reviews of no great importance fill out the number. (\$3 per year.)—The January *New England Magazine* has a very literary flavor. The opening article is on "The Childhood and Early Life" of the late Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, by her cousin, Miss M. Betham-Edwards; there is a eulogy of the late James Parton's life and work, by the Rev. Julius H. Ward, and a sympathetic description of Whittier's funeral, by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall; Mr. Blackburne Harte's "Corner at Dodsley's" is fuller than usual; and these and a number of historical papers make up an interesting number.

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*Mr. Irving's "Lear."*—The general verdict of the English press is that Mr. Irving's production of "Lear" at the Lyceum Theatre was a great histrionic triumph. Mr. J. F. Young, in a criticism printed in the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, is less enthusiastic than most of his journalist brethren. He says:—

"That Mr. Irving was picturesque, powerful, magnificent in appearance, dress, gesture, business, can be said at once, though in these two last there will, as there would with any actor, be further and further developments. That he had worked out, as he always does, his own conception of the character; that his analysis of this and his intentions in carrying it out were equally wonderful, can also be said. That these intentions on the first night were not fully realized is no matter for astonishment. But it is only just, and I am certain not ungenerous criticism, to note as a mere historical, artistic fact that as far as the speaking of the lines was concerned on that first night our greatest actor was not at his best. For myself, I am certain that Irving would be the first to admit this, and the first to approve the critic who calls attention to it. And yet in that amiable conspiracy of criticism I have already referred to scarcely a single dramatic critic throughout the whole of the London press has referred to the incontrovertible fact that owing to first-night nervousness a very large part of the dialogue of the King was lost, and that, as a friend of mine in the pit assured me (he is as great a worshipper of Irving as I am), very little of it could be heard at any time beyond the third row. Now, this sort of criticism appears to me unfair—as unfair as the general conspiracy of criticism in Irving's earlier days against him. Then, when most he needed help, the majority of the London press had not a single good word for him, no matter what he did. Now that, in spite of them, his position is assured they swing round to the opposite extreme, and even when there is such a serious defect on the first representation of a part as indistinctness that often becomes inaudibility, our dramatic critics seem to have caught the same infirmity as the actor. It was a shrewd and kindly criticism from one of the gallery boys, when, the play being over, and the tremendous whirl of enthusiasm subsiding, Irving, in response to that inartistic call for a speech against which some of us still continue to protest, came forward and spoke a few simple words in his own natural and beautiful voice, 'Why didn't you speak like that on the stage, old man?'"

The following is from an editorial paragraph in the same number of the *Herald* on the same subject:—

"One mistake we think he has committed. From the first he makes the King, if not actually insane, on the border ground of insanity; but in this phase of his representation he is not supported by the testimony of medical men who have made madness their special study. It seems to be absolutely impossible for any monarch to display greater wisdom and sagacity than does Lear throughout the first act. It is true that a certain pettishness and irritability are occasionally displayed, but they scarcely prepare one for the subsequent aberration."

Mr. Young believes that, in the first scene, Lear's intellectual faculties are "in a state of unstable equilibrium, but he is not yet insane," though he becomes so after Cordelia offends him, as is shown by his treatment of her and his banishment of Kent. This is a question on which the critics and commentators have been much at variance. Coleridge considered the method by which the old King tests the affection of his daughters only "a trick"; and he added that "the grossness of his rage is in part the natural result of a silly trick suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed." Others have thought it simply a proof that the old man was in his dotage, though not verging upon insanity. But Dr. Brigham, in his discussion of the poet's "Illustrations of Insanity" (in the *American Journal of Insanity*, for July, 1844), takes the ground that "Lear's is a genuine case of insanity from the beginning to the end." He adds:—

"On reading it we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that it is a real case of insanity correctly reported. Still, we apprehend, the

play, or *case*, is generally misunderstood. The general belief is that the insanity of Lear originated solely from the ill-treatment of his daughters, while, in truth, he was insane before that, from the beginning of the play, when he gave his kingdom away, and banished, as it were, Cordelia and Kent, and abused his servants. The ill-usage of his daughters only aggravated the disease, and drove him to raging madness. Had it been otherwise, the case, as one of insanity, would have been inconsistent and very unusual. \* \* \* The insanity is so evident before he received any abuse from his daughters, that, professionally speaking, a feeling of regret arises that he was not so considered and so treated."

Dr. Brigham remarks afterwards that "Lear is not represented as constantly deranged; like most persons affected by this kind of insanity, he at times converses rationally." Dr. Ray, writing on the same subject, says:—

"Assuming Lear to be a historical portrait, instead of a poetical creation, we should say there existed in his case a strong predisposition to insanity, and that if it had not been developed by the approach of old age, or the conduct of his daughters, it probably would have been by something else. His inconsiderate rashness in distributing his kingdom among his children, his disinheriting the youngest for the fearless expression of her feelings, and his banishment of Kent for endeavoring to recall him to a sense of his folly—all indicate an ill-balanced mind, if not the actual invasion of disease."

Dr. Bucknill, in his "Mad Folk of Shakespeare," takes similar ground. He says:—

"The persistency with which critics have refused to see the symptoms of insanity in Lear until the reasoning power itself has become undeniably alienated, is founded upon that view of mental disease which has until recently been entertained even by physicians, that insanity is an affection of the intellectual, and not of the emotional, part of man's nature. \* \* \* Disorders of the intellectual faculties are secondary; they are often, indeed, to be recognized as the morbid emotions transformed into perverted action of the reason; but in no case are they primary and essential. How completely is this theory supported by the development of insanity as it is portrayed in Lear! Shakespeare, who painted from vast observation of nature, as he saw it without and felt it within, places this great fact broadly and unmistakably before us. It has, indeed, been long ignored by the exponents of medical and legal science, at the cost of ever-futile attempts to define insanity by its accidents and not by its essence; and, following this guidance, the literary critics of Shakespeare have completely overlooked the early symptoms of Lear's insanity, and, according to the custom of the world, have postponed its recognition until he is running about a frantic, raving madman."

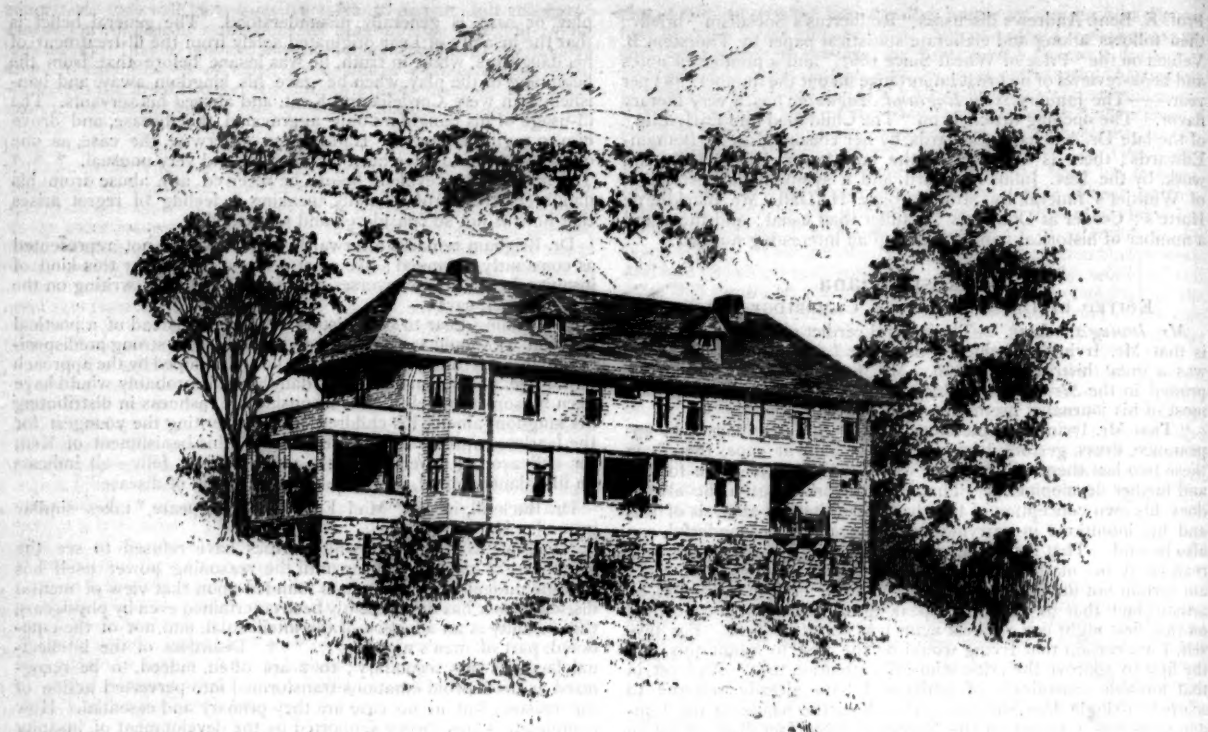
I am inclined to adopt this opinion of professional judges of insanity, not only because they are so much better acquainted with the subject than I can pretend to be, but also because it perfectly clears up the difficulties of the opening scene of the play. We must say, it seems to me, either that Lear's mind is enfeebled by age, that he has lapsed into second childhood, or that he is beginning to show symptoms of the insanity which afterwards manifests itself beyond a doubt. The latter explanation is, on the whole, the more natural and probable. If he were in his dotage, we should not look for the occasional evidences of sound judgment that afterwards appear; but these, as Dr. Brigham has said, are not unusual in the insane. They are more likely to appear in a mind that is deranged than in one that is hopelessly enfeebled by age.

Apropos of my subject, *The English Illustrated Magazine* for December contains an excellent portrait of Mr. Irving, engraved by Mr. O. Lacour, and an interesting article on "Lear on the Stage," by Mr. Frederic Hawkins, with many good illustrations, including portraits of actors and actresses who have taken the leading parts in the play.

### Wait Not!

WAIT NOT till I am dead  
With thy sweet words:  
The loving-time is now  
While flocks and herds  
Still shine upon these hills:  
The hour is here  
When this poor heart may feel  
Nor hope nor fear.  
Love's light burns on the height  
This very hour:  
Wait not: O love me now,  
My sweetest flower!

J. A. H.



"CROW'S NEST," RESIDENCE OF RUDYARD KIPLING, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

### Mr. Kipling's Green Mountain Home

PEOPLE MAKE a great mistake about Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He does not hate America. On the contrary, he likes the country; else why should he make his home here? His calling is such that he can live wherever he wishes, either in London, in India, or (like Mr. Stevenson) in Samoa; but he prefers Vermont, U. S. A., to any other place, and in this selection he shows his appreciation of the beauties of nature. There is no State in the Union to which nature has been more generous, æsthetically speaking, than to the Green Mountain State, and artists and other lovers of beautiful scenery are getting to realize the fact. Mr. Kipling married



an American woman, and he has chosen her people to be his, thus reversing the usual order in such matters. The Balestiers are Vermonters, their home being in the outskirts of Brattleboro; and there Mr. Kipling has determined to make his abode. His house is not built yet, but a picture of it has been taken from the design of the architect, Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall of this city; so the readers of *The Critic* can see how it will look when finished. For the privilege of pub-

lishing it, we are indebted to Mr. Wright, Chairman of the Catalogue Committee of the Architectural League of New York. The house, as the design suggests, is long and low. In length it measures over ninety feet; but land in Vermont is not as costly as it is in New York, and one can afford to cover the ground with his house, instead of piercing the sky with it. As the Kipling cottage is to be on the side of a hill, there is no need of a cellar being dug for it, the formation of the ground making one ready to hand. The picture shows the back of the house. The entrance, on the other side, is on a level with the road that winds down to it; but there we must stop. Mr. Kipling does not object to the outside of his house being known to the public, but he draws a line at

the threshold. The interior of his house is his castle, and when he gave permission for the exterior view to be published, he forbade any publication of the interior plan. He is quite right, too, and I hope he will win the fight and preserve his privacy. I doubt it, though. News is news, and we shall soon know all about the plans for Mr. Kipling's drawing-room, library, kitchen and bedrooms.

Nothing has been constructed yet except the foundation walls. These are built of stone from the old fences on the place; each stone was carefully selected as to color, the moss left clinging to it adding greatly to its picturesque effect. The upper part of the house will be built of shingles stained a soft green, which will melt into the hues of the hillside and give the house the effect of having grown into the landscape rather than of having been built into it. Mr. Kipling will make this his winter as well as his summer home, descending into New York only when imperative business calls. He may leave it for tours abroad, but Vermont will be his home. At Brattleboro his child was born, and on the Brattleboro hillside will his household gods hold sway. Where the home is, there the heart is, also; so, far from being "down on America," Mr. Kipling has evinced his affection for the country in the most emphatic way.

The cost of Mr. Kipling's new house will be near \$10,000, and its name "Crow's Nest." The family residence of the Balestiers, "Beachwood," and the Bliss homestead are located about four miles north of Brattleboro, on rising ground commanding a long stretch of Connecticut River scenery, the mountain opposite, and the terraced village sloping down to the river. While "Crow's Nest" is building, the story-writer will continue to occupy the little white-painted story-and-a-half cottage built for the farmer on the Bliss estate. When he took possession of it, he pronounced it "just big enough for two" but now it has three occupants. Mr. Kipling was married to Miss Carolyn Balestier just a year ago (on Jan. 18, 1892), very soon after the death of her brother, his friend and collaborator, Wolcott Balestier. On the tour of the world upon which they started almost immediately, they visited the home of her uncle's family in Vermont—with the



result of opening his keen eyes to the beauty of the Green Mountains in winter.

### Boston Letter

I AM TOLD that the death of Gen. Butler has greatly stimulated the sale of his book. That is the case with every writer—alas for the writer that it should be so! Certainly the interest shown in the General's war exploits since his death ought to warrant a larger sale of his autobiography.

Writing of "Butler's Book" reminds me that the same publishers, A. M. Thayer & Co., are preparing a novel work, and one which from my intimate knowledge of the writer I think will prove very entertaining. It is the story of our Post-Office—not as a waggish friend said to me yesterday, signifying the story of Mr. Wanamaker's and Mr. Cushing's Post-Office—but the story of the American people's Post-Office written by Marshall Cushing, private secretary of Postmaster-General Wanamaker. I never knew Mr. Cushing to write a dull line in his life, and I have known him now for eighteen years; so if he does not succeed in putting a great deal of picturesque description into the work and enlivening what might otherwise be dry details of fact with vivid pen-pictures of life in the department, on the carrier's route, with the pony-express, on the plains and in the secret service, I shall be much disappointed. Mr. Cushing—who, by the way, is a Boston man—has an aggressive nature, and it is that feature in his character which has made him a leading spirit in everything with which he has been connected; at the same time he has a genial, whole-souled disposition which wins him many friends and holds those friends very close. He went through Phillips Exeter Academy with honors, graduated at Harvard College, took up newspaper work, pushed at once from a reporter's desk to an editor's desk, met Mr. Clarkson in New York, won him over quickly as a friend and thereby secured much valuable news for his paper, was sent to Washington as special correspondent, gained Wanamaker's friendship in a single day, and has now become the Postmaster-General's right-hand man.

That day's exploit by which Mr. Wanamaker's friendship was gained was somewhat on these lines. Mr. Cushing wanted a piece of news for his paper. The Post-Office Department officials refused to give it. At once Mr. Cushing, with his usual enterprise, hustled around and obtained the news from another source, thus securing a big "exclusive" for his paper. Mr. Wanamaker sent for him to find out how he got the news; and immediately Mr. Cushing in his upright and downright manner told Mr. Wanamaker very frankly that the best policy for the Postmaster-General and all other officials was to treat newspaper correspondents as men of honor and not try to throw them off on false scents. They would certainly get the news in some way or other, Mr. Cushing said, and it would be better to explain clearly to the correspondents that it was not feasible to give out certain things at a certain time and rely on their honor not to publish it until that time. Mr. Wanamaker was so pleased with this honest, self-sustained criticism that he told Mr. Cushing, perhaps not then and there but at least very shortly afterwards, that he wanted him as his private secretary, and as private secretary he has since remained.

Our artists are going to make an excellent showing at the World's Fair. Their pictures have been hung in the Mechanics' Building, and a private exhibition was given last Friday to the artists and their friends, with a public exhibition to follow. There are about 250 exhibits, with a large representation of the Impressionist school. I am always fond of Gauguin's work, for to my mind he seems to be our Meissonnier, and this time he has brought forward for the Fair three of his small pictures so thoroughly finished in detail. One, "The Manuscript," represents a reader sitting easily on a richly-carved sofa, submitting to a friend who lounges beside him in careless attitude, wine-glass in hand, the matter which he has penned upon the sheet now held before him. W. S. Norton is to send the painting of a crowd of fisher-folk waiting on the seashore for the incoming of the vessel which plunges through the waves ahead of them before a heavy breeze. J. J. Enneking is to send two paintings of autumn landscapes, while Ross Turner offers a water-color sketch. One of the most striking subjects is that chosen by F. H. Tompkins. "Good Friday" is the title, and the painting represents a girl kneeling, indeed almost prostrate, on the ground, while her lips touch the feet of the little carved Christ on the Cross which rests beneath her.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford was again in Boston last week, this time attending a reception given him by the Catholic Union. Of course the author addressed the Union, but the most of his speech was devoted to a description of his life, and a very interesting description it proved. He told of the days when he worked in a newspaper office in India for fifteen hours at a stretch, with the thermometer at 115 degrees. He need hardly have added, after this, that he took up journalism because of reverses in fortune, since one

would hardly imagine he did such work for pleasure. He spoke very slightly of Madame Blavatsky and Theosophy in general. When Mr. Crawford was in Rome, according to his story, he had very interesting meetings with the powers there—with Pius IX., with Leo XIII., whose grand silver jubilee he witnessed, and with Cardinal Antonelli, whose genius Mr. Crawford regards as extraordinary.

While writing of Mr. Crawford, it comes natural to think also of his aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her daughter, and two little items come to mind that will interest *The Critic's* readers regarding these ladies. Mrs. Howe delivered an address a few days ago before the Warren and Prescott Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and in that address she paid the tribute which she felt to be due to the work accomplished by women in the last hundred years. Her daughter, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, is to speak on an entirely different subject on Thursday evening, when she lectures on the Salvation Army in England.

A friend tells me an anecdote about "The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia," which began in the January *Atlantic*. Thirty years ago, he says, at the first meeting of the gentlemen who started the magazine, Francis Parkman was asked to write an article upon this subject. He replied that he could not find the time to do so, but that he would treat of it when he had the opportunity. Now, three decades after that proposition was made, the opportunity comes to him, and the long-postponed paper appears.

BOSTON, Jan. 17, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### The Lounger

IF THE COLUMBIAN postage-stamp had come to stay, I should get one of the new patent stamp-moisteners that have been born with it. There is no excuse for so big a stamp. What we needed was not larger but smaller ones than we had been using. It was not necessary to portray on an envelope the landing of Columbus: his portrait, which would have taken only half the room, would have answered the purpose quite as well. I, for one, protest against these blanket sheets. They are all very well if you want to paper a wall with them, but for the purposes of postage, one much smaller would carry a letter just as far. Then again, I object to the glue on their backs; it is too sickeningly sweet. I don't see why a competent *chef* should not be employed to prepare postage-stamp glue; it would certainly be much less obnoxious if it were more savory. When we are forced to put a thing into our mouths it should at least have a pleasant taste.

WHAT THE COMING man or woman will do has been, for some time, a question of more than passing interest to the men and women who have already come. "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" was a question hotly argued some years ago; and now comes a lady, Miss E. F. Andrews, who asks in the columns of *The Popular Science Monthly*, "Will the Coming Woman Lose Her Hair?" It is safe to answer, parenthetically, that she will not if she can help it. Women will be grateful to know that Miss Andrews argues, after scientific investigation and the study of statistics gathered with no little pains, that the women of the future will "continue to rejoice in those abundant tresses of brown and gold that are one of the chief ornaments of their sex." The reason for Miss Andrews's conviction on this point is based upon her conception of the force of heredity. Women, she implies, inherit from their mothers, and no man, she affirms, would dream of marrying a bald-headed woman. Women, on the other hand, not only marry bald-headed men, but pretend to admire them, saying that baldness is a sign of intellectuality. Possibly; but this argument is not a sign of intellectuality on the part of the woman. It only shows her exceeding amiability, or the blindness of her infatuation.

IN THE SAME magazine, Charles W. Pilgrim, M.D., writes to prove genius to be an undesirable quality, inasmuch as that way madness lies. He gives numerous instances where genius ended in suicide, and many more where an attempt at *felo de se* was made unsuccessfully. Each genius cited was either literary or artistic. Dr. Pilgrim's idea is not a new one. Seneca and Plato advanced it, and it may not have been an original discovery of theirs. I am inclined to think that it was acknowledged as far back as the existence of genius can be traced. "Genius at five is madness at fifteen," says the old adage; in which, as in most adages, there is a grain of truth. Any one who asserts that genius indicates a healthy condition of the brain must be a man of genius to prove his claim; but most of us would be willing to take the genius and run the risk.

I AM GLAD to learn, on the authority of Mr. Douglas Sladen, that "two English publishers are striving to forestall each other for the privilege of bringing out at their own risk" a volume of the poems of

Mr. Bliss Carman. As one of these contestants is sure to win, we may count upon soon seeing a collection of Mr. Carman's admirable verse on our library shelves. While the name of Bliss Carman is well-known in England, its significance is not. "Some writers have pronounced it a lady's name; one has called it an absurd pseudonym." But Mr. Sladen clears up the mystery by telling the readers of the London *Literary World* that "Bliss Carman, in the opinion of many, the best poet that Canada has produced, is not a woman, but a man, over six feet high and proportionately broad, blue-eyed and fair-haired—the model from which I drew my hero in 'Lester the Loyalist.' He is about thirty years old, and a New Brunswicker by birth." It is hard to say which is the greater distinction, to be "the best poet that Canada has produced," or the hero of Mr. Sladen's "Lester the Loyalist."

AFTER BEING TOLD that Mr. Carman "has a Shelleyan gift of making subtle distillations from nature," we find that he lacks Shelley's genius for brief lyrics, and his genius for melody, so he lacks his disappointedness. He is fond of melancholy subjects, but with him it is merely brooding—the melancholy bred of a passive temperament. I confess that I am not quite clear as to what the "melancholy bred of a passive temperament" is, but I am willing to believe that this is owing to my dulness of comprehension. Another striking characteristic of Mr. Carman's verse, his friend tells us, is "his passion for beautiful names, and for gemming his poems with melodious words. He hugs himself [isn't this a little suggestive of Mlle. Paquerette?] over his Malyns and Marian Druries, Arrochar, Assebat and the Ardise Hills." Since he became the literary editor of "that great New York weekly, *The Independent*," a position which he has since resigned, Mr. Carman has not lost "any of his poeticality," but has "roused himself to write what he who runs may read." Fortunately for Mr. Bliss Carman, he has real poetic ability, so that his reputation will not suffer from this sort of laudation; and he has too much modesty and commonsense to be harmed by it himself.

A FRENCH POET recently sued his publisher for printing the word "*gentil*" instead of "*viril*," demanding the sum of five thousand francs damages. If Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Hardy were of a suing disposition, I dare not think of the amount of damages for which they would sue the writer of the "Note" in last week's *Critic* which named the author of "Lorna Doone" as the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It was not a printer's error, but an egregious case of momentary forgetfulness, for the writer knew as well that Mr. Blackmore did not write "Tess" as he did that Mr. Hardy was not the author of "Lorna Doone." The slip occurred in calling attention to the errors that have been made in *The Athenaeum*, *The Critic*, and other papers, in printing the name of Mr. Blackmore's new novel, "Perlycross."

"W. H. VAN A.'s *char en dedans* is very likely the original of the more rollicking corruption 'shandaradan,' and I am obliged to him for the information," writes "Argus." "Equally interesting with his 'gardylloo' and 'gosssoon' are the old tavern-signs familiar to the true-born Londoner as comic corruptions of pious mottoes. In Euston Road there is the oft-instanced sign, 'The Goat and Compasses'—the beast, rampant, depicted as if about to play leapfrog over the carpenter's instrument. This is only a Cockney rendering of the Puritan legend 'God encompasses us.' Another old inn is the 'Bag o' Nails,' alias the Bacchanals. The 'Pig and Whistle' used to be a popular sign in villages, whose doughty patrons never bothered their heads with the 'larnin' that might have helped them to see in the 'pig' the early English name for bowl (pigging is still used in the north), and in 'whistle' a more melodious form of wassail. Then there is the famous 'Bull and Mouth' in the city, with a gaping human mouth beneath a bull. They say this was once the Boulogne Mouth, referring to the siege of that harbor by Henry VIII. I don't know how this may be, but there used to be a legend under it, which seemed to point to another origin. It was this:—

Milo the Cretonian  
An ox slew with his fist,  
And ate it all at one meal;  
Ye gods, what a glorious twist!

THE MIS-SPELLING of "Old Crabb" Robinson's name as Crabb in my Lamb paragraph gives "Argus" a peg on which to hang a little find he made the other day in re-reading R's inexhaustible reminiscences. "Macaulay's New Zealander is as familiar an acquaintance as Mrs. Battle, but why *Macaulay's* so persistently? Twice he uses the figure, in 1824 and 1829, and Bartlett shows how Ranke, of the Popes, and Shelley, used it after him, but Goldsmith, Walpole and Volney hit upon the thing long before the brilliant borrower

made it his own. And now, thanks to Crabb Robinson, good old Mrs. Barbauld gets her slice of such credit as pertains to the idea. He tells how, early in 1811, the lady "incurred great reproach by writing a poem entitled '1811.' It is in heroic rhyme, and prophesies that on some future day a traveller from the antipodes will, from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge, contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's! This was written more in sorrow than in anger, but there was a disheartening and even gloomy tone, which even I, with all my love for her, could not quite excuse." Dear old bachelor Crabb!

AT A MEETING of the City Club, held on Jan. 13, to denounce Mayor Gilroy's appointment of Scannell and Koch to public office, a resolution was unanimously adopted in protest against the proposed destruction of the City Hall for the purpose of making room for a larger building. As Mr. Gilroy has declared his intention of tearing the building down, its demolition is a foregone conclusion: when a Tammany Mayor expresses his intentions, people who do not approve may leave the city. But as he has suggested that the building would make a good home for the Historical Society, it may be that the beautiful old Hall will be re-erected at Central Park West and Manhattan Square, where the Society has acquired a \$285,000 site. Mr. Edward F. de Lancey, Domestic Corresponding Secretary, has written to the Mayor, unofficially, that the Society would prefer to have the building remain where it stands, but to save it from annihilation might accept it as a gift from the City, and spend \$250,000 in removing it up-town and making it thoroughly fire-proof. This would be much better than presenting the old material to some Tammany contractor—and then paying him to cart it away.

A BOOK HAS just appeared in Scotland with the alluring title, "Notable Women Authors of To-Day." Twenty ladies are included in this list, and we are not only told all about the way they live and move and have their being, but are given portraits of them, some of which, I hope, are not faithful likenesses. After carefully reading this stout volume of Mrs. Helen C. Black's, I have come to the conclusion that while it may be a hardship to be an English publisher, it can be no hardship to be an English (woman) author. There is not one of these twenty ladies who does not live most delightfully, and apparently upon the fat of the land. Mrs. Black made the rounds of their houses in quest of material for her articles, which originally appeared in a periodical, and she seems to have met with as cordial a reception as an American interviewer at the hands of an aspiring politician. She plied them with questions, too, in a manner that would have won her high honors as a reporter on a New York daily. The authors were kind and answered her amiably, and she has repaid them with a degree of amiability which an ill-natured person might call "gushing."

OF COURSE, it would not have done, in the circumstances, to criticize either their work, their manner of life or their personal appearance; yet I am surprised, after a careful inspection of their portraits, that she should have found all these ladies so beautiful. I dare say that the engravings do not do them justice, and yet I can see no reason why, merely because a woman writes, she should be described as good-looking. That is not the highest compliment that can be paid to intellect. Of course, as there is no standard of beauty, Mrs. Black has a right to her opinion, but it seems to me that it is unnecessary to describe as handsome every woman you have occasion to write about, and I do not think that any but silly women are pleased with this sort of flattery. They may not want to be called unhandsome, or described as "the plain Mrs. This or Miss Tother": that would be against all the traditions of the sex; but when they know that they are plain, I don't see how it can make them feel any less so to be called beautiful by an interviewer. I should think they would feel that they were having fun poked at them.

AN AMUSING anecdote of Mrs. Walford, *The Critic's* London correspondent, is told by Mrs. Black apropos of "Mr. Smith," her most popular novel:—"The Queen had had the story read to her twice, and, being much interested in it, expressed a wish to see the author. She was presented on her marriage by the Duchess of Roxburghe, who on the occasion happened to take the place of the Mistress of the Robes, absent from indisposition. It is said that as the young novelist made her curtsy before the Royal presence, the Duchess softly breathed into Her Majesty's ear the words, 'Mr. Smith.'"

I DO NOT KNOW just what plan Mrs. Black adopted in making her selection, but there are as many notable omissions as notable authors in the book. There is no mention of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Oliphant, Olive Schreiner, "Ouida," Mrs. Richmond Ritchie,



Christina Rossetti, Vernon Lee, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Hawker (the author of "Mile. Ixe"), Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, Mrs. L. T. Meade, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Emma Marshall, Annie Thomas or Miss Braddon, any one of whom I should think was notable among "women authors of to-day."

### A New Poem by William Watson

IT WOULD APPEAR that Mr. William Watson is recovering from his malady, a poem from his pen, written on New Year's Eve, having appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle* of Jan. 2. We quote the first and last of the four stanzas:—

In the blanched night, when all the world lay frore,  
And the cold moon, the passionless, looked down  
Commiserating man the passion-curst—  
Man made in passion and by passion marred—  
Through the pale silence, on the New Year's verge,  
This prayer fled forth, and trembled up to heaven:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"Purge and renew this England, once so fair,  
When Arthur's knights were armed with nobleness,  
Or Alfred's wisdom poised the sacred scales;  
Yea, and in later times, when Liberty,  
Her crowned and crosiered enemies combating,  
Stood prouder 'established by a false king's fall,  
Mighty from Milton's pen and Cromwell's sword,  
Scarred with hell's hate, and by God's justice healed."

Mr. Watson is said to be a musician of marked original power, and at present he spends much of his time at the piano. Concerning his books a London writer says:—

Anybody who has a first edition of Mr. Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems" may put it down as a valuable possession. The peculiarity of first editions, apart from their being first editions, is that they include a little poem which Mr. Watson afterward cut out. This poem is entitled "John of Brantwood," which means, of course, John Ruskin. Two volumes of verse from Mr. Watson's pen were published before "Wordsworth's Grave," one "The Prince's Quest," and the first of all, "Epigrams," which appeared in Liverpool. Some of Mr. Watson's earlier published verses have been included in his later publications; but altogether he has five separately titled issues standing to his credit. They are "Epigrams," "The Prince's Quest," "Wordsworth's Grave," "Poems" and "Lachrymæ Musarum."

### The Death of Fanny Kemble

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE (Mrs. Pierce Butler), the well-known actress, died on Monday at the home of her son-in-law, the Hon. and Rev. Canon James Wentworth Leigh, No. 86 Gloucester Place, London. The burial was in Kensal Green Cemetery, where her father is buried. Although she had been ailing for a while, her illness was not regarded as serious, and her death was entirely unexpected. Fanny Kemble was best known by her maiden name; her marriage with Pierce Butler, a Southern planter, not having proved a happy one, she was known by his name for only a short time. She was the daughter of Charles Kemble and a niece of Mrs. Siddons, so that she inherited histrionic talent from both of her parents. Born in London in 1809 (the natal year of Tennyson, Gladstone, Darwin, Dr. Holmes, Lincoln, Lord Houghton and Poe), she lived to be eighty-three. It was not her parents' intention to put her on the stage: they probably knew too much of its hardships; but she adopted the profession to relieve her father of pecuniary embarrassments. In his company she came to America in 1832, and made a successful tour, an account of which was given in her "Journal of a Residence in America" published in 1835. This was a readable book, and "smart" often at the expense of exact truth. When she married Pierce Butler, in 1837, she retired from the stage. In 1839 she obtained a divorce, resumed her maiden name, and retired to Lenox, Mass., where she astonished the simple-minded inhabitants by driving four-in-hand over their beautiful hills. During her sojourn of nearly twenty years in Lenox she did a good deal of literary work. Besides translations from Schiller and others, she published "The Star of Seville," 1837; a volume of "Poems," in 1842; "A Year of Consolation," in 1847; and "Residence on a Georgia Plantation," in 1863. In 1846 she returned to Europe and spent some time in Italy, but returned in about a year and began giving readings from Shakespeare in Boston. She was again successful, and continued her readings in various cities for some two years. She then returned to England, acted for a short time, gave readings, and made a journey on the Continent. She came to America again in 1856 and gave readings for four years. After this she lived in England for six years, at the end of which time she returned to

Lenox and gave more readings. Her readings were last heard here in 1873. There are competent judges who declare that Fanny Kemble was more interesting as a reader than as an actress. The present writer, who only heard her read, cannot make comparisons, but can say with truth that he never heard any one read so well. If she had acted as well, she would have ranked with her famous aunt. After her return to England, where she remained till her death, she published her "Records of Girlhood" in 1878, "Records of Later Life" and "Notes upon Some of Shakespeare's Plays" in 1882, and "Far Away and Long Ago," a story of her life in the Berkshire hills (her first attempt at fiction), in 1889. This and the two volumes of "Records" are published by Henry Holt & Co.

The *New York Times* in an editorial very truly says of her:—"In her long residence in this country she was distinguished as a gentlewoman of liberal culture and strong convictions, whose sufferings had perhaps not softened her temper, but whose convictions were often just, though the artistic temperament was stronger in her than her powers of logic. She certainly knew this republic better than many of its severe foreign critics, both its surface life and its inner social life. She had seen and had been a part of the latter in the aristocratic old South and in staid New England as well. She wrote too much for her fame, as most persons do who can write well and easily in this era of the printing-press; but there were strong individuality and refinement in both her prose and her verse. We can all complacently recall her sharp sayings about the United States now. The republic has suffered much and lived through its suffering since she expressed her conviction, grimly, that it would give way to a monarchy before she should be a 'skeleton.'"

### Mr. Gosse on "The Poetry of Women"

IN THE very stronghold of the sex, Newnham College, Cambridge, Mr. Edmund Gosse, single-handed and alone, delivered a lecture recently in which he denied the possession of the "creative faculty" to women poets. After a few general remarks Mr. Gosse said:—

Some of the best of critics have denied that a woman can be a poet. De Quincey, in particular, has proved it so learnedly and fully that the maiden who lisps in numbers ought, surely, to blush to find it fame. That extremely clever writer, M. Guy de Maupassant, not long ago called upon us all to clear our minds of cant, and asserted, as if through a trumpet, that no woman has been, or is, or ever can be a poet. The fact is, that these men apply the code of the thirty perfections to female talent, and, finding certain limitations in its exercise, proceed to deny to it all claim to the highest distinction in poetic art. They say that politics and gallantry, the desire to seem modern and polite, blind our newspaper critics; and that in the great solid branches of poetry—in epic, in tragedy, in didactic and philosophical verse—woman has hitherto really done nothing. She has produced no "Hamlet" and no "Faust," no "Paradise Lost" and no "Orlando Furioso."

We are bound to confess that this is true; no sound critic will pretend that woman has added anything to the sum of male attainment in these major branches of art. The reason is, apparently, that the artistic nature is not strongly developed in her. She has energy, imagination, sentiment, invention; but she has not the artistic impulse. The consummate poets of the world have been great artists. In Shakespeare, Corneille, Goethe, Pope and Keats we see the artist above all else, above the man of intellect or vision. In a much lower rank of poets we find the vision, or the ethical bias, preponderating. In the greatest men the art is paramount.

But women, if the main entrances seem to be denied them, ascend into the house of poetry by other doors. Lyrical verse owes so much to them that we may easily forgive their limited success in other directions. The lyric, which is a spontaneous jet of music, an ejaculation forced from the heart by an excess of feeling, demands less art than any other form of poetry. It is perhaps the only species of poetry which can be excellent in its kind and yet wholly artless. The border ballads have no art, and yet are exquisite; and the history of poetry is adorned by certain female names which will always preserve their freshness, and which yet were entirely innocent of art. Such are Emily Brontë in England and Marceline Desbordes-Valmore in France. We do not know whether with extended opportunities women will continue to show themselves insensible to or incapable of the highest literary art. Hitherto they certainly have been one or the other.

Any one whose privilege it has been to enjoy the friendship of successful women of letters knows how much more they are always occupied with literature as a profession than as an art; how little they are able to conceive the doing of work for its own sake, not for its result; how conscientious, industrious and persistent they are, and how little they are troubled with the scruples and the lassitude

of the artist. It is their lyric gift, their cry from the heights or the depths of feeling, that has won them that place upon Parnassus from which no De Quincey nor Guy de Maupassant can eject them.

It is perhaps a little paradoxical to begin a study on a female poet with this limitation of the powers of womankind. But there is no rule the making of which is not enhanced by the breaking of it; and I have denied poetic art to women mainly that I may give myself the luxury of attributing it to Miss Christina Rossetti. To screen myself from the charge of extravagance I will say at once that I think the main interest of the position of this writer in the history of poetry is the fact that she indubitably possesses this quality which is denied to many men of genius and to almost all women. Mrs. Browning was a force in literature—a personage demanding universal recognition for her intellectual power, her majestic imagination and her independence of other literary influences; but she was not an artist. That title applied to George Sand or George Eliot would be equally a misnomer. What Lord Tennyson was, what Flaubert was, it is surely plain that these great women could not be. But precisely this, in a restricted measure, it seems to me that Miss Rossetti is; and that isolation of hers, as apparently the solitary woman-poet of the Anglo-Saxon race who cultivates poetry as one of the fine arts, gives the study of her verse an especial interest. Much as it has been enjoyed, too, by the literary class, and abundant as have been the testimonies to its merit, it has hitherto been underrated, I think, as a factor in the sum of what is called Victorian poetry. When the work of two or three leading living men has been examined, I believe there remains no body of poetry amongst us which will repay analysis so well as that of Miss Rossetti.

Mr. Gosse then proceeded to analyze the successive publications of Miss Rossetti and to read characteristic selections from her lyrical poems.

### The Southern "Grandee" in Fiction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I was somewhat puzzled at the tenor of a short review in the December *Book Buyer*, entitled "A Little Classic of the War," having as its subject "Marse Chan." The writer makes the sweeping assertion that "the Southerners and their literary valets of the North gave us the princely planter in white ducks and a palmetto hat, who dined off silver plate and sparkled with diamonds and always had a pocket of loose coin to fling at his servitors. The real planter, who often wore a shabby coat and boots in need of blacking, they would (metaphorically) have died rather than allow on their canvases. Yet he lived down South, all the same, and was a good deal more of a gentleman and a hero than the blustering Brummagem grandee of ante-bellum fiction." \* \* \* The writers of the new South are treating Southern life from the humorist's point of view; and the humorist is always an outsider. Indeed the new South is outside the old; for, hate it or love it, the old social order is as dead as the Stuarts." And immediately afterward:—"The present Southern writers paint it with some such affection and sadness as Sir Walter felt for his Jacobites, but with as clear a comprehension as his that their heroes' day is done."

It seems somewhat illogical to indicate that the "princely planter" was evolved from the imagination of the old Southern writers, and then to add that the present writers realize that their heroes' day is done. What never was could hardly pass away; thus it seems that the old order did exist, and was not, after all, a mere "solar myth."

Again, it is quite amusing to hear the writer insist that the present writers of the new South and the new South itself are both outside the old, as a prelude to the introduction of a typical writer of this "new South" bearing the name of Thomas Nelson Page—a cognomen, to anyone familiar with Virginia nomenclature, as redolent of the old social order of the South and as suggestive of the "princely planter" as the name of Patrick Magrath is redolent of the bogs of the Emerald Isle.

Of a truth, the lavish planter and the planter who wore unblackened boots both lived in Virginia, and to paint the one and omit the other would be to produce a one-sided picture of that much discussed but appallingly misunderstood geographical division of our common country. To present the absurd people, exclusively, of any section is not to describe but to caricature it; if the aim be realism, let it be real in every sense.

It was Robert Chambers, I think, who replied, on being complimented in a manner that reflected on Scotland, "I thank ye for no flattery at the expense of my country"; and, unless I very much mistake, no amount of homage could atone to Mr. Page for the term "outsider," as applied to himself; for not only do his stories depict the real life of the people, including the mythical "princely planter," but he has expressed in his capital essay on "The Old South" his amazement that the men of that section should accept

the term "new South," adding, "The new South is simply, really the old, with its energies directed in new fields." And again he says the old South "made this people."

The writer perchance forgets that it was these same "Brummagem grandees" (the word "Brummagem" having been used also, with much "elegance," by Mr. Morse in his *Life of Jefferson*, published some years ago) who fought with Washington for American independence, and among whose members are to be found the names of George Mason, writer of the "Bill of Rights," to which the great Declaration is indebted for most of its important points; Richard Henry Lee, mover of the Declaration; Edmund Pendleton, President of the first Congress; Madison, the great upholder of the Constitution; Monroe, the enunciator of the doctrine bearing his name; Richard Bland, who, half-blind and with bandaged eyes, yet managed to write the "Rights of the Colonies"; Thomas Nelson, signer of the Declaration, commander in the field, ordering his own house to be destroyed if sheltering the British; John Page, member of the Committee of Safety; Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration; and many others—all "Brummagems"—some of whose sons and grandsons (later-born "Brummagems") have proven their heroism by the silent witness of their mouldering bodies, lying for twenty-nine years where they fell under the muzzles of the guns on Cemetery Ridge; while other sons and grandsons (more nineteenth-century "Brummagems") attested the sterling quality of their characters by ploughing, without a murmur, in ragged jackets, the fields owned for generations by their ancestors. If there be a new South it is the legitimate offspring of the old.

Among the many Southern writers of the present day I do not recall any bitter or discourteous allusion to Northern people; and yet this belittling term "Brummagem," used as an epithet descriptive of the old-time leaders of the oldest State of the Union, greets us not only in this little review, but in the more dignified work of Jefferson's biographer, and is only one of many equally uncalled-for and hardly more scholarly terms used in other books upon the South.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30, 1892.

A. T. ROTTER.

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes

A DOZEN Japanese warriors in complete armor were drawn up in the theatre of the Union League Club on Jan. 12, with lances, swords and bows and arrows. They were made of wire and *papier-mâché*, but the armor and weapons were real and most interesting specimens of the metal work of Old Japan. Most of the warriors wore visors in the shape of grinning masks, and their helmets and breast-plates were profusely ornamented with crests, Buddhist inscriptions, dragons and chrysanthemums. Some of the pieces are said to be upwards of 500 years old. The collection belongs to Dr. G. M. Lefferts. In the art-gallery, the usual annual display of American paintings included a fine La Farge, "A Venetian Guitar-Player"; a rocky and snowy and stormy "Coast of Maine," by Winslow Homer; "A Venetian Laundry," by C. F. Ulrich; white bears and a pink girl having great fun tossing flap-jacks, in a painting by F. S. Church; a Rembrandt-like "Nantucket Symposium," by Eastman Johnson; an "Autumn Idyl," by Frank D. Millet; and a delightful stretch of "Sandy Land Near the Coast," by William Sartain.

—The United States man-of-war *Constellation*, having on board works of American artists in Italy and France that will be exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition, has sailed for New York. The juries of selection for the World's Columbian Exhibition for the States of New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania began work on Monday morning in the upper halls of the Seventh Regiment Armory. Something like 3000 pieces of art in oil, water-color, etching, wood-engraving, chalk, charcoal, pastel, etc., and in sculpture and architecture have been received. Not more than 25 per cent. of these contributions will be selected. It is to be hoped that a preliminary exposition of the works of art may be given in this city before they are sent to Chicago.

—Henry Sargent Codman, head of the landscape work at the World's Fair, died suddenly on Jan. 13 at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, where he had recently undergone a surgical operation. He was a member of the firm of Frederick Law Olmsted & Co., landscape-architects. He was born in Brookline, Mass., twenty-nine years ago, and received his education at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was a nephew of Prof. Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, at Harvard College.

—The sale of Frederic Remington's oils, water-colors and black-and-whites at the American Art Galleries last week was a highly successful one.



## Notes

THE INDEX to *The Critic* for July-Dec. 1892 (Vol. XVIII. of the new series, Vol. XXI. of the old) is issued with to-day's paper.

—William Hale White has acknowledged the authorship of "Mark Rutherford" and other works. The Cassell Publishing Co. are about to issue the books in a new edition, which will include Mr. White's translation of the "Ethics of Spinoza," published some years ago in Trübner's "Philosophical Library."

—A number of letters written by the late Walt Whitman to his mother during the Civil War, when he was nursing soldiers in the Washington hospitals, will be published in *The Century*.

—Harper & Bros. have just published "Morocco as It Is," by Stephen Bonsal, Jr., copiously illustrated; "A Short History of the Christian Church," by Bishop John F. Hurst; "Elements of Deductive Logic," by Prof. Noah K. Davis, and a new edition of the religious classic, "The Tongue of Fire; or, The True Power of Christianity," by the Rev. William Arthur.

—*The Point of View* is the title of a weekly soon to be started in Philadelphia. Is it to be edited by Miss Agnes Repplier?

—Mr. Harrison S. Morris, who writes a letter from Philadelphia to the Boston *Literary World*, says that Dr. Horace Howard Furness's consent to give four readings from Shakespeare is a fact upon which the entire town felicitates itself. "The great Shakespearean has consistently refused for years the alluring approaches of the platform, and has now given only a reluctant consent."

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue early in the year:—"Voodoo Tales, Told by the Aunties," collected from original sources, by Mary A. Owen, with preface by Charles G. Leland and illustrations by the author and by Louis Wain; "A Country Muse," a volume of verse, by Norman R. Gale; "Red Leaves and Roses," poems, by Madison J. Cawein; "Málmödra," a poem of Irish history, by J. I. C. Clarke; "Ruminations," a series of essays, by Albert Mathews; "Dogmatic Christianity"; "Tasks by Twilight," essays, by Abbot Kinney; "The Gospel and Its Earliest Interpretations," by Orello Cone, D.D.; "The Meaning and the Method of Life," by George M. Gould, M.D.; "The Pocket Encyclopædia"; and "Carlsbad, a Medico-Practical Guide," by Emil Kleen, M.D.

—The late Miss Anne Reeve Aldrich's volume of poems, "Life, Love and Death," published by the Scribners, has passed into a second edition. Miss Margaret Armstrong, the daughter of Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the artist, designed the book's much-admired cover.

—The authors' reading for the benefit of the Booksellers and Stationers' Provident Association, given at Chickering Hall on Monday evening last, was a most gratifying success. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner presided, and read (by request) his own "Bear Story." Mr. Charles T. Dillingham is President of the Association, and the Committee on Entertainment comprised Charles A. Burkhardt, John A. Holden, William J. Kelly and J. F. Vogelius, who are to be heartily congratulated on the result of the entertainment.

—Prof. Huxley is said to have taken a new hold on life since he left London to make Eastbourne his home. He often runs up to town.

—Miss Bradley, the daughter of the Dean of Westminster, whose description of the burial of Lord Tennyson was published in the last Holiday Number of *The Critic* (Nov. 26), is soon to be married to Mr. F. Murray Smith, the junior partner in the well-known publishing firm of Smith & Elder. Work from Miss Bradley's pen has already received encouraging praise from Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude. She is now engaged on a book that she proposes to finish before her marriage, which will take place in the spring, probably at Westminster Abbey.

—Guy de Maupassant is said to be getting better, although he still has moments of intense excitement. His mother declares that his intervals of lucidity occur more frequently, and his memory is coming back.

—Richard le Gallienne, whose poems are reviewed in another column, is not a Frenchman, as his name might suggest, but an Englishman, a member of a Channel Island family. His father many years ago found his way to Birkenhead, where he has long held a responsible position as manager of a large public company, and Mr. le Gallienne himself resided at home until he went to London in 1891 to join the staff of *The Star*, upon which he still remains.

—Prof. Charles A. Young, Princeton's astronomer, lectured before the Brooklyn Institute on Jan. 13 on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the birth of Sir Isaac Newton. He argued that science was a more important factor in civilization than art, literature or generalship.

—Mr. D. O. Mills, who owns it, has stopped the publication of the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise*, Nevada's oldest newspaper, on which Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller were once reporters.

—The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's article on "The Voice of Tennyson," which is to appear in the next *Century*, is a critical estimate of the poet's influence upon life and letters, and incidentally relates the impression produced upon the hearer by Tennyson's reading of "Maud." The frontispiece portrait is an engraving by T. Johnson of the portrait of Tennyson, which is considered by his family the best likeness of the Laureate ever made.

—It has been discovered that "the beautiful French china compote," alleged to have been presented to Martha Washington by Lafayette, which was sold at auction by Thomas Birch's Sons of Philadelphia, last month, is a common clay replica made in 1876 by Warrin & Kniffin for R. H. Macy & Co., who sold them as centennial souvenirs for \$1.47 a piece. The dish was bought at the auction sale by Mr. Bowden of Mitchell's for \$220. Oscar S. Straus, formerly Minister to Turkey, induced him to part with it for \$250. Mr. Straus naturally boasted of his possession, and proudly showed it to all who would see it, among whom happened to be Mr. Burdette, the superintendent of Macy's crockery department. Mr. Burdette recognized the dish as one of the thousands they had sold in the centennial year. The best of the joke is that Mr. Straus's brother is the managing partner in the Macy firm.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to begin the publication, in their subscription department, of a Leather-Stocking Edition of the Works of Fenimore Cooper, of which only 1000 copies will be printed. It will be in 32 octavo volumes, printed from new type. The volumes will contain original designs by well-known artists. The first group, comprising six volumes, will be ready in February.

—The New York *Observer*, which represents the conservative element in the Presbyterian Church, advises Dr. Briggs's opponents not to appeal from the verdict of the Presbytery.

—A Boston special to the *Tribune*, dated Jan. 16, says:—"Good-bye," by Marguerite Merington, the author of "Captain Lettarblair," was produced to-night at the Museum for the first time on any stage. It has some good points, but on the whole it is crude and in need of pruning. The spectator is at a loss to tell what the whole is about. The play was admirably mounted and acted."

—Mr. Henry James has written an entirely new comedy with a part specially designed for Miss Ada Rehan. This will be one of the pieces which Mr. Augustin Daly will introduce to London upon the stage of the theatre which is being erected there for him.

—The friends and admirers of Walt Whitman are raising a fund for the purchase of his home in Camden. An organization has been formed for this purpose, with Dr. Daniel G. Brinton as its President and Horace L. Traubel as its Secretary. The sum of \$500 has already been subscribed, and \$1500 more is needed. The poet's study and bedroom on the second floor, with all its litter and curious contents, will be preserved intact. It will have to be, if it is preserved at all, for there could be no such thing as putting it in order and still keeping half the things in it that Whitman had around him.

—D. Appleton & Co. publish a "Dictionary of Every-Day German and English," by Martin Krummacher, Ph.D. They publish also a new edition of Haeckel's "History of Creation," translated from the German and revised by Prof. Lankester.

—M. Paul Bourget's novel, "Cosmopolis," will probably be published in this country by the Tait Sons & Co. Many of the characters in the story are Americans. If M. Bourget is paid the price he first asked for this story, we are safe in saying that he will get more than any foreign author was ever paid by an American publisher. We suspect, however, that he will not get it; for, popular as he is, it could never be earned by the sales of the book.

—Mme. Juliette Adam of the *Nouvelle Revue* thinks of proposing herself for the French Academy, incited thereto, it is said, by Mrs. Potter Palmer and a number of American ladies whom she has lately been seeing about the Women's Department of the World's Fair.

—A complimentary dinner was given F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, on Jan. 13, by the Aldine Club, at the club-house in Lafayette Place. The speeches were bright, witty and informal. Mr. Crawford himself made a little speech, which was well received, and among the others who spoke were Burton N. Harrison, Lieut. A. V. Wadhams, Prof. Frank N. Stoddard, J. B. Pond, Henry Holt and George P. Brett. Hamilton W. Mabie presided. Among those present were William W. Appleton, Dr. Albert Shaw, Alexander W. Drake, James Stokes, George Wharton Edwards, Lawrence F. Abbott, Harry Fenn, Arthur H. Scribner, Gilman H. Tucker, O. M. Dunham, Frederick J. Hall, Nelson Taylor, Jr., Henry D. Thomas, Francis L. Hein, M. H. Mallory, Louis Prang, A. Alexander Smith, Henry C. Brown, William B. Howland, F. N. Doubleday, Henry H. Vail, W. A. Nosworthy, Nathan D. Bell, W. S.

Moody, Jr., Charles L. Whitman, Rufus W. Weeks, Charles L. Andrews, Ripley Hitchcock and George T. Stevens.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day "The Dawn of Italian Independence," by William R. Thayer; "The Interpretation of Nature," by Prof. N. S. Shaler; "The American Library Association Index," by William I. Fletcher; "Susy," by Bret Harte; and "American Marine," by William W. Bates, late U. S. Commissioner of Navigation.

—Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne presided at the annual dinner of the Typothetae of New York (the society of employing printers) at the Hotel Brunswick, on Tuesday evening, when the 187th anniversary of Franklin's birth was celebrated. Besides President De Vinne, the speakers were Mayor Gilroy, Mr. Parke Godwin, who reviewed Franklin's life; ex-Senator Warner Miller, who declared himself proud of his title "Wood-pulp Miller"; ex-Postmaster-General James, who spoke of Franklin mainly as his predecessor in office; Murat Halstead, St. Clair McKelway, William H. McElroy, Will Carleton and Joseph Henry Banks, who read a poem. Among those present were F. Hopkinson Smith, Stilson Hutchins, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, John M. Francis, H. O. Houghton, Robert Hoe, L. L. Morgan, Elliott F. Shepard, E. R. Andrews, Horace White, Thomas W. Knox, John A. Schleicher, Charles Roberts, Jr., F. L. Bingham, Francis E. Fitch, T. L. Taylor, H. M. Bingham, Jas. T. Harper, H. G. Polhemus, John McClave, C. T. Polhemus, C. K. Urquhart, George T. and Robert M. Leach, Robert L. Sackett, W. J. Merrill and Bartlett Arkell.

### Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Arthur, W. The Tongue of Fire.

Harper & Bros.

Becher, H. W. Bible Studies. Ed. by J. R. Howard. \$1.50. Forth, Howard & Halbert.  
Bonai, S. Jr. Morocco as It Is.  
Celano, T. de. Dies Irae. Tr. by M. W. Stryker. 80c. F. H. Revell Co.  
Darwin, C. Autobiography and Letters. Ed. by F. Darwin. D. Appleton & Co.  
Davis, N. K. Elements of Deductive Logic. Harper & Bros.  
Diehl, C. Excursions in Greece. Tr. by E. R. Perkins. B. Westermann & Co.  
Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by S. Lee. Vol. XXXIII. \$3.75.  
Dodge, W. P. Three Greek Tales. Macmillan & Co.  
Dumas, A. Le Duc de Beaufort. Ed. by D. B. Kitchen. 30c. Geo. M. Allen Co.  
Gallup, A. Handbook of Military Signaling. 30c. D. Appleton & Co.  
Hayse, P. L'Arrabbiata. Ed. by W. Bernhardt. 25c. D. C. Heath & Co.  
Huntington, W. R. Short History of the Book of Common Prayer. \$1.  
Hurt, J. F. Short History of the Christian Church. T. Whittaker.  
Hymns and Chorales for Schools and Colleges. Ed. by J. Farmer. Harper & Bros.  
Japp, A. H. The Circle of the Year, etc. Printed for the Author  
Jocelyn, R. One of the Beavans. \$1. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Lander, W. S. Longer Prose Works of. Ed. by C. G. Crump. Vol. I. \$1.25.  
Less, J. C. Life and Conduct. 25c. Macmillan & Co.  
Lilly, W. S. The Great Enigma. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.  
Mackinnon, J. Culture in Early Scotland. \$3. D. Appleton & Co.  
Macknight, S. J. Love and Other Poems. G. F. Putnam's Sons.  
Matheson, G. The Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions. \$1.75. Halifax: Jas. Brown & Sons.  
Muir, P. M. The Church of Scotland. 25c. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.  
M'Clymont, J. A. The New Testament and Its Writers. 25c. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.  
Nichol, J. P. Victor Hugo. 90c. Macmillan & Co.  
Nichols, G. W. Miscellanies and Sermons. Bridgeport: Marigold Print. Co.  
Pierson, A. T. Love in Wrath. 35c. Baker & Taylor Co.  
Riverside Association, First Annual Report of. Broun, Green & Adams.  
Sand, G. La Mare Au Diable. Ed. by F. C. de Sumichrast. 30c.  
Stewart, A. Handbook of Christian Evidences. 25c. D. C. Heath & Co.  
Strong, C. H. In Paradise. \$1. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.  
Stuart, E. Inscrutable. 30c. T. Whittaker.  
Styx. Hermetic Philosophy. Vol. III. \$1.25. J. A. Taylor & Co.  
Thompson, A. A Moral Dilemma. \$3. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Under King Constantine. \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.  
Whitby, B. In the Suntime of Her Youth. \$1. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.  
D. Appleton & Co.

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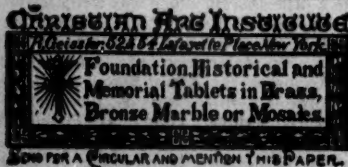
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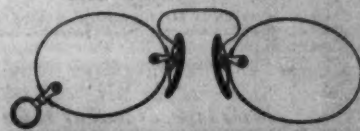
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## Assets.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and Cash Items,	\$273,896 11
Cash in hands of Agents and in course of Transmission,	653,215 16
Rents and Accrued Interest,	20,907 05
Real Estate Unincumbered,	366,575 60
Loans on Bond and Mortgage (1st lien),	1,231,500 00
Loans on Collateral Security,	80,201 57
Bank Stock, Hartford, Market Value,	357,245 00
" New York,	312,400 00
" Boston,	84,004 00
" Albany & Montreal,	86,505 00
Railroad Stocks,	825,050 00
State, City, and Railroad Bonds,	1,768,306 00
<b>TOTAL ASSETS,</b>	<b>\$7,109,825 49</b>

## Liabilities.

Capital Stock,	\$1,250,000 00
Reserve for Re-insurance,	2,843,804 53
Reserve for all Unsettled Claims,	433,186 42
<b>NET SURPLUS,</b>	<b>2,882,834 84</b>
Surplus to Policy-holders,	3,832,834 84
Gross Assets—Increase,	366,778 65
Re-insurance Reserve—Increase,	277,403 81
Income over Expenditures,	634,335 31
Market Value of Stock (last sale),	360 00

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